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# Weekly



# Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. V.

CLEVELAND, TENN., APRIL 15, 1880.

NO. 14.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion; and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.

Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.

Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.

Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.

All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.

No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A negro in Newton county, Ga., claims to be 129 years old.

The calculation is made at San Francisco, that there are over \$100,000,000 of banking capital and deposits in California to-day.

The life of the late Marquis of Anglesey was insured in various companies for an aggregate amount of not less than \$3,750,000.

Great Britain is a growing country. The excess of births over deaths in the whole United Kingdom for the last three months of 1879 was 99,889.

An English journal observes that "every traveler in the United States has had abundant experience that the American system of checking luggage, supplemented by the express agent, is such an improvement upon our system that it is impossible to understand why we did not long ago adopt it."

From 1869 to 1877, inclusive, 194 deaths—159 of men and thirty-five of women—from lightning are returned by the registrar general as having occurred in England. But these returns are admittedly incomplete. In Prussia during the same period of time, with a population exceeding that of England and Wales by only some five per cent., according to a report from the statistical bureau of Berlin, 1,001 deaths were caused by lightning. In the forty-nine governments of European Russia 4,540 deaths are recorded from this cause within five years, and 4,192 fires are attributed to the same meteoric energy.

An extensive Nevada lake has mysteriously disappeared. Where at one time, says the *Eureka Leader*, was Ruby lake there is at present not a drop of water. This sheet of water seven or eight years ago was from eighteen to twenty miles in length, and varied in breadth from half a mile to two or three miles, and was in a number of places very deep. It was fed by springs along the base of Ruby mountain, and was the largest body of water in Eastern Nevada. For a number of years it has been gradually drying up, until at last it has entirely disappeared. What has been the cause of this is a mystery. The Ruby range, besides being well wooded, has been the best watered chain of mountains in Nevada.

A Canadian defaulter played a cute trick. Having stolen and shipped with \$6,000 which was entrusted to him in the double capacity of postmaster and telegraph operator, he stopped in the evening at a country village and stepped into the telegraph office. There he heard the message come over, "robber escaped." The operator was a girl, and he told her he was a repairer sent by the telegraph company. She asked him for help, as the wires were out of repair. So he took the message in full; but instead of copying out, invented and substituted one saying that the thief was coming that way, and would try to pass himself off for a detective in pursuit of the thief. Then he "lit out" again and crossed the line, settling in the United States. Meanwhile the pursuing detective, who never caught him, was arrested and trotted around the village for people to look at as the big thief, till the robbed man came up and released him.

At Wilmington, Del., a first trial has been made of the Fishhawk, a steamer built for the use of the United States fish commission. The Fishhawk is an iron steamer of some 500 tons, 150 feet long, twenty-seven feet beam, with twin screws, and the hull is encased with wood. The vessel is specially adapted to catching fish and transporting young fish and spawn. She will be roomy enough to carry some twenty officers and hands, with additional space for such complement of men as may be requisite for securing spawning fish. This vessel was contracted for in June last for \$45,000. With the present augmentation in the price of material, she would certainly cost to-day some fifty per cent. more. The Fishhawk, equipped as she is for this special work, marks the most notable advance that has yet been made in fish culture, and, no doubt, her plan of construction and methods employed in catching fish, looking toward the production of fish-food in the future, will be copied by other countries. The vessel is amply provided with lifting engines, as no small part of her duty will be to work dredging apparatus.

The Berlin *Militär-Zeitung* prints an interesting paper on the watering of horses, a subject, the writer remarks, to which too little attention is given by officers in command of mounted troops. The practice of allowing horses to drink only once a day, and then in the evening, which is advocated by many because it is in vogue among the Arabs, is strongly reprehended by the German writer, who points out that while in Europe the horse's ration consists almost exclusively of corn and hay, the Arab gives his horse dates, a variety of plants, and even milk. Fed as they are in European armies, horses should, the writer maintains, be given water three times a day, and they should be allowed each time to drink as much as they like. On the march also horses should be allowed to drink whenever circumstances permit. Formerly men on the march were strictly forbidden to drink; but now, on the contrary, especially when forced marches have to be made in hot weather, care is taken that they shall be able to obtain water, as it is now recognized that the body must be compensated for the moisture it loses in profuse perspiration. As with the man, so with the horse.

## Their Ages.

Grant was fifty-seven last April. Blaine is fifty. Sherman was fifty-six last May. Washburne was sixty-three in September. Conkling was fifty in October. Garfield is in his forty-ninth year. Bayard was fifty-one in October. Thurman reached his sixty-sixth birthday in November. Hendricks was sixty in September. Tilden was sixty-six in February, and in the same month General Hancock was fifty-five. Seymour will be seventy in May. Washington was in his fifty-seventh year when he was first elected, and had just entered his sixty-sixth year when he left office. John Adams was sixty-one when he was elected, Jefferson fifty-seven, Madison in his fifty-eighth year, Monroe, in his fifty-ninth, and John Quincy Adams in his fifty-eighth. Jackson was sixty-one when chosen the first time, and therefore sixty-five when re-elected, while he had reached his seventieth year when he quitted office. Van Buren was fifty-four, and Harrison sixty-seven, when he took office, and while Tyler, when he took office had just passed his fifty-first birthday. Polk was elected on almost precisely his forty-ninth birthday. Taylor was not quite fifty-eight, when elected, and Fillmore was in his fifty-first year when he succeeded him. Pierce had not yet completed his forty-eighth year when he was elected, and he was the junior of all who have taken the presidential chair, except General Grant. Mr. Buchanan was elected in his sixty-sixth year, Lincoln in his fifty-second and fifty-sixth, while Johnson succeeded in his fifty-seventh.

## Lawyers' Fees.

The New York correspondent of the *Rochester Democrat* writes: The motto of the legal profession in this city seems to be "the whole is none too much for me." If they do not get it the fault is not theirs. What a remarkable instance of absorption was afforded by the James B. Taylor case. This man left an estate worth at least a half million, making his wife sole heir. All of this grand property has been devoured by the lawyers, and the widow is now left an object of charity. A will does not amount to much here if there be any object in breaking it. In the above mentioned case the other heirs attempted to set aside the will, and after five years of wearisome contest such a state of confusion had been reached that it required a special act of legislature. During this interval the estate remained unproductive while the legal harpies were devouring it with steady maw. To illustrate the lavish manner in which fees were paid in this case, it may be mentioned that at the very beginning the surrogate ordered \$30,000 to the counsel, and \$20,000 was soon added. O. B. Mattison obtained \$15,000 commission on the sale of property to the amount of \$100,000. The receiver was allowed \$10,000 for his fees, and twice as much more for his disbursements. Francis Kernan had \$5,000 for arguing the case before the court of appeals, while Senator Conkling was paid \$4,000 for preparing the case for a jury trial. The latter has never taken place and never will. Two other law firms each got \$4,000. Henry L. Clinton was paid \$20,000, which he no doubt called a low fee, as he now demands more than ten times that sum from William H. Vanderbilt. I have only given a portion of the charges in the case, but they afford a sample of the manner in which the lawyers eat up an estate whenever the opportunity is offered. The consequence is that Mrs. Taylor, who was so admired by her husband that he usually called her "the queen," is now living on the kindness of friends. It may be added that those relatives who began the above mentioned costly fight have never had a dollar from the estate, all of which has thus been devoured in the above mentioned manner.

## Strange Freaks among Birds.

California naturalists say that nature has played some strange freaks among the feathered tribes this season. Many birds have laid aside their usual plumage and donned white. A female pigeon brought to San Francisco recently from the San Joaquin river is of a bright chocolate color on the breast, while the back is of an ashen hue. A mud-hen shot at Borden island about two months ago was mottled on the back, having white spots scattered through the usual coat of black. The breast was of a bluish cast, with small white feathers intermixed. The crown and sides of the head were blue and white. A pair of valley quail, recently shot at Searsville, San Mateo county, were white all over the body with the exception of the markings on the breast, which retained their wonted color. A brown and white saltmarsh rail killed at Alviso a few months ago, is another freak of nature never before heard of, naturalists say. A small cotton-tail rabbit was recently shot in the sandhills back of the Golden Gate park that was a perfect Albino.

In far-away Fargo, Dakota's great wheat town of mushroom growth, resides Mr. Edwards, a journalist who weighs 312 pounds. But his size is not the only peculiarity about this Falstaffian editor, for he has taken to introducing rhymes into the headlines of his paper, and the following specimen shows what he can do in the way of metrical "heads": "The Wolf, Who Starved Babies in New York, is Arrested and Thrown into Prison, and if There is Grub in that Jail, He should Get Precious Little in His."

## A Thief's Story.

A New York thief recently made the following confession: "The way we worked was this, and the plan is mine. It is a good one, and I naturally feel some pride in its invention. We took adjoining rooms in a hotel—say the Fifth Avenue or some other first class hotel. We never did it at the Fifth Avenue, but we would have done it in course of time. Having secured our rooms and seeing that they were nicely located, we installed ourselves. I made myself up to look like a well-to-do country merchant and went down. I looked into one or two jewelry stores until I found the one to suit me. When I found it I went in and looked over the stock. Satisfying myself that I could suit myself there, I went away, promising to call again. I would call again the next day, and would purchase probably \$3,000 or \$4,000 worth of goods. These I would order sent to my hotel, with the bill. Then I went to the hotel, and telling the clerk at the office if any one came for me to send him to my room, I set to work to prepare for the arrival of the goods. I took the back of the bureau and put the bureau against the door leading into the adjoining room. My partner cut out a panel from the door, and by that means had access to the bureau drawers. Then I fixed my table, piled it high with letters and writing material, and when the man arrived with the goods I was very busy. When he entered, I asked him to sit down after a bit, as soon as I had finished my letter, I turned to him and asked if he had the invoice with him. Of course he had. I would take it, examine it and ask if the goods corresponded with it. Then we would call off the items, he taking the bill and I the goods. As he called off the goods I put them into a drawer in the bureau and closed it. My partner had it instantly. When we were finished I closed all the drawers and invited him to write him a check. He would refuse, saying it was after banking hours, to which I of course replied by pulling out my watch and coinciding with him. Then I asked him to wait a moment while I went down stairs and got the money for him. He would not refuse that; I was almost too reasonable. There was the bureau and there were the drawers; to be sure, his goods were there almost in his presence. I went down stairs and walked off; my friend had long ago done likewise, and we left the poor fellow in the room waiting our return. My partner and I had joined company long before the salesman suspected he was sold, and we were estimating or dividing the value of our purchase."

"Have you played this game in New York?"

"Frequently. Those who have been victimized have so far remained quiet, or if they have reported to the police the thing has not got into the papers."

## Horseshoe Superstitions.

The horseshoe was of old held to be of special service as security against the attacks of evil spirits. The virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from it being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the evil one, or from the rude resemblance which the horseshoe bears to the rays of glory, which in ancient pictures are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity acquired through passing the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious or afflicted by any distemper that the village farrier did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly the horse was led into the smithy, the door closed and barred, the shoes were taken off and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered. Sailors are, for the most part, careful to have a horseshoe nailed to the mizzenmast or somewhere on deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel. The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horseshoe, which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition long prevalent among ourselves.

## A New British Naval Station.

The latest foreign mail has a rumor from Paris to the effect that the Beaconsfield cabinet are now working quietly but persistently with the object of acquiring a naval station near the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris, and have gone so far as to fix upon the exact spot, called Shatt-el-Arab. The negotiations have been entrusted to Sir Henry Layard, who has received instructions to mention the matter to the sultan, pointing out that the acquisition of such a station in the gulf would be much to the interest of the sublime porte, especially since Asia Minor has been taken under the quasi guardianship of England, and must eventually be defended by English armaments. With a naval station at Shatt-el-Arab, a British army of combined English and native troops from India could be readily landed to oppose any Russian descent from the Caucasus on the Euphrates-Tigris line, and Bussorah would be the English base of operations.

## A Lady's View of Washington.

A lady writes from Washington to the *Springfield Republican* as follows: It seems to me that no one, certainly no one new to Washington, can come here and see the Capitol building without a thrill of national pride. It is so grand, so imposing, the situation so superb and the grounds about so lovely even now on such days as yesterday and to-day, with a real fresh tinge of green in the grass on Capitol hill. Inside, the marble staircases, the bronze doors, the frescoed ceilings and the tiled floors seem to increase rather than to diminish this feeling, and it lasts until the eye falls upon the gigantic spittoon that stand in every angle, and seem to the imaginative mind like the corrupt and furtive growth which clings distastefully in the fairest and most unexpected places. I never see them without a sort of despairing feeling, for they are such a dreadful blot, and will make one think of everything that is vile instead of everything that is lovely.

To go into the House of Representatives is to the uninitiated very much like being let into a menagerie, for the atmosphere is very warm and close, the ventilation is very defective—an odor of cigar-smoke adds its burden to a sensitive organization, and there is an immense amount of howling on the floor. This is my impression of it all, although I've listened very intently and tried to become informed in the ways of the government of my country.

The speaker spends most of his time in pounding violently with his gavel, and nobody seems to care whether he pounds or not—he apparently does it for his own amusement. Then with a very few exceptions everybody that speaks acts exactly as if he intended to annihilate everybody else. I never can understand what they say, except by snatches, and what I do hear seems to be of very little importance. It does seem so ridiculous for a man to get up and work himself into a tremendous passion—sweeping his arms, pound on his desk, walk up and down the aisle, growl in the face and swell up the veins on his forehead, and with a grand peroration about "blowing the bugle till it resounds again"—all of which I heard and saw the other day—while all the other members are reading newspapers, smoking outside the rail, writing at their desks, chatting with each other and continually passing in and out, while nobody seems to pay any attention to this exhibition of feeling. They seem to take special delight in contradicting each other flatly, insisting that somebody is out of time or order, and on the whole I've come to the conclusion that things couldn't be much worse anywhere—and who knows if they mightn't be better—even if women had a seat in this august (?) body.

The Senate is better—that is, they don't rant so violently—but seems slow and stupid, and I've found myself wondering several times what it all amounts to, after all. I have been able, after giving the closest possible attention for some time, to make out that they are being agitated the question of a mud road somewhere in Indiana, and I have heard something about Indians, and that's all.

## Guillotined at Cold Dawn.

It is just ten years ago, day for day, says a Paris correspondent in a recent letter, that the notorious Troppman, the murderer of the Kink family, was executed on the Place de la Roquette. This morning another convict of the same stamp underwent the penalty of death on the same spot. Prevost, the policeman who murdered the woman Blondin and the jewelry dealer Lenoble, and afterward cut their bodies up and threw the pieces into the sewers, was guillotined there at daybreak. It having become known last night that his appeal for mercy had been rejected by the president of the republic, a large crowd began to assemble as early as nine o'clock. The executioner arrived at four o'clock and, aided by his assistants, erected the guillotine about twenty paces from the central door of the prison. The guillotine once in order the headsman and his assistants entered the prison to arrange what is called the toilet of the culprit previous to his death. The Abbe Crozes, the chaplain of the jail was the first to enter the prisoner's cell. Prevost started up, gazed wildly at the reverend gentlemen, and then buried his head in his hands, trembling and groaning.

"Alas!" said the chaplain, "there is no hope now but in the mercy of God."

The condemned man then, left his bed, but he was too much overcome to dress himself. The task was done by the executioner and his assistants. He was then left alone with the Abbe Crozes to prepare his soul. He embraced the chaplain several times and wept bitterly. "Take courage, take courage," said the reverend gentleman. "Yes, yes," replied Prevost, "I will take courage and try to meet my fate. Ask pardon of the police administration, to which I belonged seven years." The condemned man, after kissing the crucifix three or four times, marched up to the guillotine with a firm step and in an instant he was on the fatal *bedeau*. The spring was touched and a dull thud was heard, and the next second his head fell into the basket. After the execution the body and head of the murderer were taken to the school of medicine, and having been sewn together ectrical experiments were made on them, and in the opinion of all the doctors present death must have been instantaneous.

The Connecticut house of representatives contains ninety-four farmers and fifteen lawyers.

And the next morning when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote directly to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply, Mr. Wills wrote: "The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who, having abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she tested their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime, I enclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:

"Being of sound mind, this sixteenth day of June, 18—, I, Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property, viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot mining company, fifty thousand in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune flannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson."

"DELIA ROGERSON, of Croftborough, Maine."

"For I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me."

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Everybody in town will be trying it. Of course Steve Langdon will come home and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it; in replying to letters from indigent people, who seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said: "I told you so!"

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of a change now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia; but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed? Then perhaps you have a better match in view. Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes? Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now, see here, Delia. Have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was, growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings me in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came—"

"I'm glad you did."

"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones."

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"

In Croftborough people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders.—*Mary N. Prescott, in Independent.*

## Famous for His Apples.

Robert L. Pell of apple fame is among the recent deaths, writes a New York correspondent. He was the most successful man in this specialty in the world, and his fruit was not only known in the British market, but also in the Orient. As a gentleman farmer he had few equals in America, since he made his elegant rural life highly profitable. He had an immense orchard on the banks of the Hudson, whose product was entirely limited to pippins. The fruit was carefully picked, the inferior quality being culled out for cider. The remainder was then placed in a sweating house, where the moisture was evaporated, after which it was packed in boxes of an exact size and sent to a foreign market. Pell found the fruit business the best kind of agriculture, and it made him immensely rich. He owned a fine house in Fifth avenue, which he made his winter home, and it was at this place that he died.

In early life Pell traveled extensively, and not only made the tour of Europe but reached the Orient, including a visit to the Troad. This in those days was a remarkable distance and he carefully improved the opportunity. He was a very agreeable man in conversation, and as a combination of elegant manners and agricultural success he had few equals. The famous pippins have carried his name to a wide range of foreign parts, and if their culture he properly maintained it will be a fortune to his heirs. Pell informed the writer that this immense orchard, numbering 30,000 trees, was all derived from a couple of trees which his grandfather brought from the town of Newtown, L. I., whence we now have the term "Newtown pippins." The family had devoted itself to this specialty, which made them rich. No wonder, indeed, when Pell's pippins retailed at nine cents a piece in foreign markets.

should be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and its antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission. "What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I daresay?"

"Yes; a long time ago."

"Tell me about him—it?"

"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave mother and father, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That was all."

"And you—"

"Now all men besides are to me like shadows."

"And you have never heard of him since?"

"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a milestone about his neck. I didn't answer his last letter."

"And, supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh over so wisely. I've thought of it, sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and commonplace. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance, a little poetry, to flavor everyday thinking and doing. I'm afraid you'll think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—is as beautiful at four-score as at 'sweet and twenty.' Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you'd rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never, never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away, like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.

"I believe I'll stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates, Eli?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes; I know. Dostay at your own price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one month the more would not signify. But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went hungry to bed that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a pattern." At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from an unknown friend. "It can't be meant for me," she cried.

"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We're not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horror! Don't you know whether your own aunt's dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherited her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she, if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself and gave it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," said Delia.

The winter wore away, as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped again away with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement staid on and on. Just now she had been for some weeks in arrears with her reduced board.

No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attentions of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia. I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began, one night.

"Don't mention it!" cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You're welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you're such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me, just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's 100 years or so since any one kissed me."

## TAKING BOARDERS.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders didn't help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well to do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with poor relations should take to a stranger, when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it did seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kith and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who never were worth a row of pins to Delia; and there was her Great-uncle John's widow, a-larking on the Continent, a-gambling at Baden-Baden and trying the waters of every miners' spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that her own folks were too rich already, and probably she would endow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great aunt since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit, with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her little namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow had become a sort of gilded creation, always young and always beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen anything of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference in Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long illness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

GOOD BOARDERS IN THE COUNTRY, BY the riverside, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries and new milk. One mile from the station. Address DELIA ROGERSON, Croftborough Maine.

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson. An old maid I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady, with a false front of hair, brown, wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cod and saucer, with the fadeless old roses wreathing them. "Wonderfully kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with attitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature." But, in spite of her worldly wisdom, Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Miss Groomer complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creations; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there